



Santa Clara May 5.—James J. Fenton, a very promising young man, about twenty years of age and son of Patrick Fenton, of the same name, a man of the name who has resided in Santa Clara on his farm near an accident which resulted in the loss of his life, as follows: On Sunday afternoon, about three o'clock, he told his mother he was going to visit a neighbor and would return by bedtime. He left and after spending some time at the neighbor's and when on his father's farm and crossing the Guadalupe River, the banks of which were high and slippery, it is supposed his horse scared, stumbled or fell, throwing young Fenton into the stream, and from marks on his head, it is supposed he was struck thus that he was stunned so he drowned. His body was recovered this afternoon.

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...bloody end long since. Of late
...has been most temperate and
...stemious, but he always had on him
...the shadow of coming disaster.
In Montreal he feared a violent e
...and his people were very care
...always about admitting persons
...to the house. His doors were k
...constantly locked and extra pol
...were put on the street here. G
...generally some one walked home w
...him, as was the case last night, wh
...he was accompanied by the Bu
...they's up almost to the minute of
...fatal shot. Several circumstan
...are mentioned which show that L
...McGehee's steps have been dogge
...For some time. Two parties who

corresponded in size exactly, and both fitted to a nicety the boots which the prisoner wore on the night of the murder. When the detective sent to Whelan in the jail this morning to procure his boots, he said they were not the boots which he wore on the murder but that, he wore a heavier pair, which were at Mike Starr's tavern where he lodged. On the supposition that Whelan committed the murder and then stepped across the street to procure the vacation house next to McKenna's and thence on to Wellington street, his sudden and mysterious disappearance after the murder would be easily accounted for. A minute or two afterward he was conversing at the Russell House corner. He did not express the least curiosity or astonishment when told that McGie had been murdered, but hurried home to bed. The Crowt Prosecutor was engaged all day yesterday in the examination of the circumstantial evidence connected with the assassination but he declines to divulge any information for publication. He is anxious for the Government to direct to the prosecution of this investigation. It is said that the Government is in possession of evidence which very nearly completes the testimony against Whelan. The police have discovered some new facts regarding the murder, but they are enjoined to secrecy.

We take the following from the Cork Examiner: The County Court being full on Saturday morning, long before ten o'clock, the usual hour for opening the proceedings. As before, a large proportion of the spectators were ladies. The Fenian prisoners were brought down from jail in the prison van about 9-4 o'clock, and while passing into the Court-house were loudly cheered by the crowd which had assembled near the side door by which the prisoners enter. Justice O'Connell and William Mackay was at once put forward to receive sentence. The Deputy Clerk of the Crown called upon him in the usual form to say why sentence should not be passed upon him. The prisoner rose and with a calm, earnest and some points enthusiastic utterance addressed the Court. He was listened to with profound attention every eye was fixed upon him, and a few of those present were affected, even to tears by the moving touching passages in his address. He displayed barely perceptible emotion himself, and then only when he spoke of Ireland and the kind friends from whom he was about to be separated. He said: "My Lord, what I said last evening I think I call for a little expansion. I think I was fully satisfied with what I said last night, and I was sure that I would be a fair and just one. I say so still, but I wish to state that I consider it only so in accordance with British law, and that it is not in accordance with the ideas of right and justice. I feel that with the strong evidence there was against me, according to British law, the jury could not, as conscientious men, do otherwise. I feel that I thank them again for what they have done for me, which have no doubt was prompted by good intention toward me, and desire to mitigate what they considered a long and painful imprisonment. Still, I will say with all respect, that I feel the utmost indifference to it. I do so for this reason. I am now in that position that I must rely entirely upon the goodness of God, and I feel confident that that God will be merciful to me, and will remain a prisoner so long as your lordship may be pleased to decree. The jury have now found me guilty; it only remains for your lordship to give effect to it. The eloquence, the ability, the clear reasoning, and the really splendid arguments of my counsel failed, as I knew they would, to affect the jury. I feel therefore, that with my poor talents it would be utterly vain to attempt to do so. I have now stated the sentence which it now becomes your duty to pronounce. I believe, my Lord, from what I have seen of your lordship, and what I have heard of you, it will be to you a painful duty to inflict that sentence upon me. To one clinging so much to the world and its joys—to its fond ties and pleasant associations—as I naturally do, retirement into banishment is a sad one—very sad indeed. I do not complain, however, for I have been told to say man whose heart glows with the warmest impulse and the most intense love of freedom, and who is strongly attached to kind friends and sisters, and a devotedly fond and loving wife, the contemplation of a long period of imprisonment must appear most terrible and appalling. To me, however, viewing it from a purely personal point of view, and considering the case for which I am about to suffer, far from being dismayed—far from its discouraging me—it proves to me rather a source of joy and comfort. True, it is a position not to be sought—not to be looked for; it is one which, for many, very many reasons there is no occasion now for me to explain, may be thought to involve disgrace and discredit. But, so far from me so thinking from it, but accept it readily, feeling proud and glad that it affords me an opportunity of proving the sincerity of those soul-elevating principles of freedom which I hold so good old patriotic father instilled into my mind from my earliest years, and which entertain with a strong love, whose fervor and intensity are second only to the sacred homage which we owe to God. If, having proved all of those blessings—to which I am so glad and joyous, I should have spent among loving friends, I shall not complain, I shall not murmur, but with calm resignation and cheerful expectation I shall joyfully submit to God's blessed will, feeling confident that he will open the strongest locked and barred doors of the British prisons. Till that glad time arrives it is consolation and comfort enough to me to know that I have the fervent prayers, the sympathies and loving blessings of Ireland, a truly noble and generous people, and far easier, more soothing and more comforting to me will it be to go back to my cheerless cell than to be made to live in slavish ease and luxury a witness to the cruel sufferings and terrible miseries of these down-trodden people. Condemn me, then, my lord; condemn to a felon's cell, to a prison cell, to a sleep in a prison cell; to-morrow I will be a convict's drab; but to me it will be a far nobler garb than the richest dress of slavery. Coward slaves be they who think the countless sufferings and degradation of prison life disgraced a man. I feel otherwise.

The gold value of imports into New York, for the last half of 1867, was \$178,077,937. The gold value of the exports during the same period was \$164,796,176, of which over \$40,000,000 was in specie. It will be seen that the exports of domestic products, exclusive of specie, was upward of \$53,000,000 less in value than the merchandise imported; while the total amount of exports was over \$13,000,000 less than the imports.

Charles Miller, an able bodied man, was brought before Judge Proctor, yesterday charged with the theft of a loaf of bread, of the value of five cents. A vigilant Local Officer saw Miller take the loaf off a door-step, so he corralled him and brought him to the station house triumphantly. The prisoner pleaded guilty, but at the same time said he had been out of employment for some time, was willing to work, but was unable to procure it, and that two days had had nothing to eat. He saw the loaf as he was passing the street, and took it to satisfy pangs of hunger. He was or-

